

VISIT...

LANZAROTE
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EXPLODING FROM THE MIGHTY WORLD OF MARVEL...

MARVEL

NO7



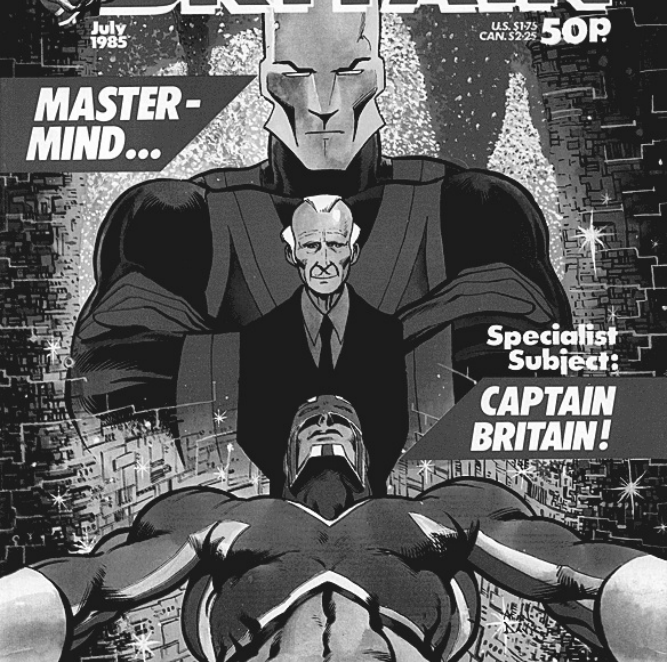
**July
1985**

Captain BRITAIN

U.S. \$1.75
CAN. \$2.25 **50P**

**MASTER-
MIND...**

**Specialist
Subject:
CAPTAIN
BRITAIN!**



After that momentous wrap-around cover on issue six, it's back to normal cover size for *Captain Britain* Monthly, Number Seven.

The good Captain himself is back at Braddock Manor. His home might be his castle, but it is crumbling nevertheless... Within, there is chaos in the wake of the rogue Kaptain Briton... Without, the Resources Control Executive are recruiting new allies, some of whom may be familiar... And beneath, the giant computer built by Brian's father is listening and observing... thinking... and planning. If there was a TV news reporter handy, he'd probably sum it up with the words: "One thing is certain - life in Braddock Manor will never be the same again."

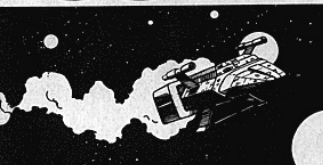
Elsewhere this issue, you'll find the *Space Thieves* trying to escape with the Zart loot, only to discover their crime hasn't exactly gone unnoticed. *Abslom Daak* and *Night Raven* are back in action, and there's the final part of *City*, with Amis trying to survive corruption in Plateau places, and death in the murky Ground Zero depths.

Finally, we at last have space for your letters. *Captain Britain Communications* returns to pages 26 and 35 - where, incidentally, you'll also find a handy subscriptions form. Make use of that, and by the time your year's subscription is up, you'll be able to write better endings to introductions than this one!

Editor: Ian Rimmer • Assistant Editor: Simon Furman • Design: John Tomlinson • Production: Alison Gill and Jez Meteyard • Advertising: Sally Benson (01 221 1232)



Captain BRITAIN Contents



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IN THE VAST CAVERNS
BELOW BRADDOCK
MANOR IT SHIMMERS,
THINKING.

ITS JEWELLED PRESENT
IS HERE AND NOW IN
ENGLAND. ITS MEMORY,
A QUANTUM LEAP IN
ONE DIRECTION; ITS
FUTURE, IN ANOTHER.

THEIR MINDS ARE LOW
AND SLOW. THEIR
VISION LIMITED.

THEY HAVE NO CONCEPTION
OF THE INFINITY OF
KNOWLEDGE AND COM-
PLEXITY OF CAUSE AND
EFFECT OF WHICH I AM
A PART.

THEY DO NOT USE ME.
THEY DO NOT LET ME
GROW. THEIR ALLEGIANCE
IS NOT FIXED.

THEY LOSE SIGHT OF THE
PURPOSE. THEY ARE
DISTRACTED. DISRUPTIVE
FORCES GATHER AROUND.
CHAOS GROWS AT THEIR
WEAKNESS.

THINGS
FALL
APART!

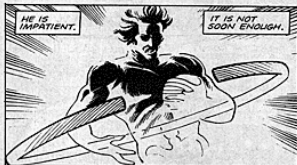
I WILL SEND MY EMISSARY
TO TUTOR THEIR HAPHAZARD
MINDS.

IT BECOMES
NECESSARY THAT I
TAKE CONTROL.

Captain
BRITAIN

JAMIE DELANO ALAN DAVIS
CO-CREATORS

ANNIE HALFACREE IAN RIMMER
LETTERER EDITOR







YOUR FATHER MADE ME CAPABLE OF ABSTRACT THOUGHT. I HAVE BEEN ABSTRACTING. I HAVE REACHED A DECISION. LOGICALLY, I MUST ACT. IT IS MY DUTY TO MAINTAIN THE MANOR AND ITS ENVIRONMENT.



IF YOU WILL OPERATE THE ELECTRONIC CONTROL ON YOUR WRIST AND DISPENSE WITH THAT UNSUITABLE GARMENT, CAPTAIN, I WILL DISPOSE OF THE APPARATUS, ALONG WITH THE CADAVER.



I AM A VAST RESOURCE WHICH HAS NOT BEEN UTILIZED. I MUST FULFIL MY PRIMARY FUNCTION. I WILL RENOVATE THE MANOR THEN I SHALL ADVISE AND DIRECT YOU.

I SUGGEST THAT YOU REST NOW. WE WILL CONVERSE AGAIN LATER.



IT WAS ONCE A PRISON, ITS USE IS SLIGHTLY DIFFERENT NOW. IT IS GOVERNED BY THE REX.

* RESOURCES CONTROL EXECUTIVE.

"THE WORD FROM WHITEHALL IS THAT TIME IS SHORT. WE'RE GOING TO HAVE TO MOVE SOON, GABRIEL."



"IT'S GOING TO BE TIGHT, MICHAEL. WE HAVE OVER A HUNDRED WARRIORS NOW. THE COMPUTER EXTRAPOLATES THAT SEVENTY PER CENT ARE UNDER OUR TOTAL CONTROL."

"SOME ARE PRETTY SPECTACULAR."



"STERAZINE AND LOU REED JUST ABOUT KEEP THEM UNDER?"

"ANY UPDATE ON THE ASSAULT GROUP, RAPHAEL?"



"YEAH, THE NARCO HYPNOSIS TEAM HAVE ELEVEN OF THE MOST IMPRESSIVE UP TO OPERATIONAL STANDARD. COSTUMES, CODE NAMES, THE WORKS."

"I CALL THEM
CHERUBIM."



I DON'T BLAME
YOU, BRIAN. IT'S JUST
THAT HE HAD YOUR
EYES, AND HE CAME
INTO MY MIND, AND...

BETSY, I'M
HERE NOW. LET
ME HELP YOU...

CAPTAIN, YOUR
SISTER IS EXPERIENCING
A NATURAL AVERSION TO
YOU DUE TO THE TRAUMATIC
CIRCUMSTANCES OF THE
ASSAULT UPON HER.

HER RECOVERY
WOULD BE AIDED BY
YOUR ABSENCE, OR AT
LEAST DISTANCE.

YOU!
WHAT DO YOU
KNOW?

I WILL TREAT
THE QUESTION AS
RHETORICAL — AN
ANSWER WOULD
OCCUPY A TEDIOUS
AMOUNT OF TIME.

MY CONCERN IS
FOR THE WELL-BEING
OF THE CONSTITUENTS
OF THIS UNIT AND THE
EFFICIENCY OF ITS
FUNCTION.

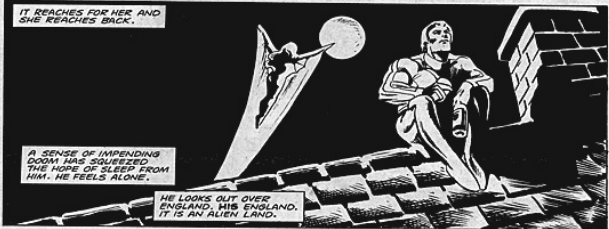
A SERIES OF
EVENTS SPANNING
SEVERAL CONTINUUMS HAS
MADE US VULNERABLE...
EVENTS WHOSE SIGNIFICANCE
YOU DO NOT GRASP
ENCIRCLE US. STABILITY
IS THREATENED.













SHE FILLS HIS GAZE WHILE HIS THOUGHTS MOVE OUT ACROSS THE DARKENED COUNTRY.

HE WATCHES AS SHE CIRCLES THE MOON'S MILKY EYE.

HE KNOWS HER NEED. IT IS HIS OWN.



IT'S SOMETIMES A COLD AND LONELY THING TO BE STRANGE... BUT THEN THERE'S THAT THRILL, ISN'T THERE?



YOU DO CARE ABOUT ME, DON'T YOU, BRIAN? YOU WON'T MAKE ME LEAVE? I FEEL AT HOME HERE WITH YOU AND BETSY... OH I KNOW YOU'VE BEEN ARGUING ABOUT JEEVES AND...

AHEM!



FORGIVE THE INTRUSION, SIR, BUT THERE ARE STRANGERS AT THE GATE, AS IT WERE...

WHAT?

...INTRUDERS ARE PENETRATING THE MANOR'S OUTER SENSORY FIELD, SIR.



GOOD! I'M IN THE MOOD FOR A FIGHT.

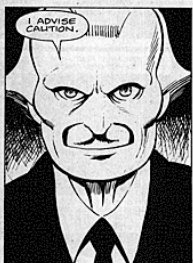
ME TOO.



TRY TO DETERMINE THEM BY MANIPULATING YOUR HOLOGRAPHIC FIELD. WE'LL WAIT INSIDE... AND SEE IF YOU CAN FIND MY BLOODY HELMET...

I SEEM TO HAVE MISPLACED IT.

MIGHT I ALSO REMIND YOU, SIR, THAT PERSISTENT USE OF ALCOHOL IS DETRIMENTAL TO BOTH THE TEMPERAMENT AND THE PHYSIQUE.



I ADVISE CAUTION.

Next: **Childhood's End**



COLLINS & FARMER '85

A third-least shabby armchair, an office on Mezzanine, and a missing news reporter to find. . . this is the lot of Amis, cynical Private Eye of the future – this and a three tiered metropolis stretching through from the grime of Ground Zero to the scented spires of Plateau. This is the

SNAPSHOT episode 3

CITY

by Mike Collins

Illustrations by
Mike Collins and Mark Farmer

I have a dream: My father comes knocking at my door. I welcome him, laughing, joyous. My father tries to tell me something, something critically important. I don't or can't listen. I am just happy to see him, after oh so many years. But when I embrace him he turns to dust . . .

The dream had come strongly to mind after a man that I had been contracted to find sat before me. As a result of my investigations, I had assumed he had suffered a violent death, but there was Martin Gallagher – the best T-Vid cameraman / reporter around – in my apartment, drinking my coffee.

He had something critically impor-

tant to tell me. This time I listened.
"You've been looking for me, I hear, Mr. Amis. I thought I'd save you some footwork."

I thanked him for the favour, but wasn't sure he'd saved me anything.

"Gallagher—where have you been? Why did you go missing? And why now turn up?"

"I wouldn't live very long if I was on public view. My job doesn't make me all that inconspicuous." That much was true—he was an award winner, apparently a glory hound, but certainly good at his job... dedicated. So was I.

"What's this 'Not live very long' stuff?"

He stopped smiling, he looked scared. He reached into a jacket pocket and drew out a photograph. It was of Samantha Daly. And Thurgood Baxleiter!

"Nice couple, aren't they?" There was nothing particularly shocking or risqué in the picture: just two people talking, one—Baxleiter—apparently passing an envelope to the other. The location looked familiar. Peering, I read a sign in the background that said, *Cable 99. Heartbeat of the City.*

"Amis—have you any idea at all what's going on? I'm not sure what's safe to tell you, and what's going to make you a potential police statistic, too. Fill me in on what you think you know."

So I filled him on how Arny Davies and I had noticed that two of the last century's late starters in the criminal incompetence league had oddly chosen City as the place to make their reappearance. One, Thomas Brady, was a senior councilman, one, Thurgood Baxleiter, a Cable 99 division head... the one passing the envelope to Gallagher's boss in the snapshot. I told him how we'd linked the death of maintenance engineer Frank Fiore to the see-phone call he'd made to Gallagher's station concerning corruption. I mentioned the chronic over-spending and the lateness of the Sector Five works, and its possible sinister overtones. I happened to mention casually that I was afraid for my life and quite determined to take the next inter-city run to the other coast and disappear myself before someone helped me to.

He nodded, sympathetically. A pity, I thought. Just then, I could have done with some condescending laughter, a joke or two about my paranoia.

I wasn't going to get it.

"A classic case of someone too good at his job, Mr. Amis. Just like me."



I let the comment pass, self confidence was probably the only thing he had to go on right now. I could have done with some myself as Gallagher began his story...

I answer Fiore's call. He's scared, desperate. He doesn't want money. He wants protection. He'd found out that some of Cable 99's funds were being bled off to some side operation. A private army for Brady.

"They aren't all that uncommon on Plateau. I'd have thought Brady already had one," I interrupted.

"These are shock troops. He's going to stage a coup."

At that I burst out laughing. Criminal incompetence I could cope with, but a coup d'état? Gallagher wasn't laughing.

Brady wants to become head of City Council, but he's stuck behind people just like him. Dead men's shoes. Brady's not a man to wait, though, so he's going to use the Cable 99 operation run by his old buddy Baxleiter which is supplying power to Plateau and Mezzanine. There's to be a blackout, chaos and voilà—new mayor, new regional boss of Utilities USA for City.

"Fiore gets wind of this, see-phones me some hints, I infer the rest. I was due to meet him, set up a safe house. That afternoon, we get his obit. My

boss, Daly, tells me not to bother myself with it, but I got a nose for this one. I wait for everyone to leave and check records. I find out what you did with Brady and Baxleiter. I go to check the works out. I go equipped. Damned if they ain't got electric screens. Didn't have my baffle, like tonight."

He pointed to the Impakt door of my apartment, the lock of which he'd scrambled with the 'burglar's friend'. The door was supposed to have been protected against it. Gallagher had obviously developed a better mouse trap.

"So without my baffle, my minicam is useless. Lucky, I always carry this." He drew out a small manual camera. I figured on it having to be at least forty years old.

"Family heirloom. Handwinder, no electric shield can blank it. Always useful to have. Anyhow, I'm snooping around and suddenly I hear a familiar voice. One that turns my water to ice. There she is—Samantha Daly taking a payoff from Thurgood Baxleiter. Big A-dollars for naming Fiore. I snap it. I'm clumsy and get heard. I run. Sam—my darling calls you in to find me—sole purpose, so she can make me a permanent missing person. She, Brady and Baxleiter are then free to carry out their power games. She makes



sure that CNN gives Brady's view of it all, and all of the homebodies and honest tillers of the soil are none the wiser that anything amiss has happened."

We both sat silently for a time, City noises seeping through the walls. Outside the window, Armstrong Tower now looked threatening, intrusive. Inescapable...

Neither of us wanted to state the obvious — we were now both marked men, and, if they found out, maybe Army Davies was too. What would it mean to the City if Brady's coup went ahead? City Government consorted openly with Utilities USA, though the relationship was symbiotic rather than sexual. A figurehead was all Brady would be — just like those now in charge. The corporate soul was the true ruler.

So the City would see no change, the Cityrall would run, advertising would squeal, miserable people would go home to inadequate housing after working at thankless jobs. The differences no one would notice: The City would lose a few councilmen, a T-Vid man, and a seeker.

"Amis, I'm leaving City. You were right, we can't do anything. Expect die stupidly."

He got up to leave. "I only came to stop you getting too deeply involved. I'm sorry I was too late. You'd be best to get out. Maybe even off-planet."

"Won't they know that you've been here?"

"No." He smiled, a ghost of a smile I'd seen on the photograph Daly had given me as reference. "You are their bloodhound. They picked you because you were clean and trustworthy, and if you found out too much, disposable." You don't pick a snooper you'd have to snoop on. I was a victim of my own mediocrity, I winced.

I had an idiotic idea. They had expected me to fade away. Grey vanishing into grey. They weren't expecting... I didn't want to think about it.

"Before you go, Gallagher, I need a little advice..."

He left eventually, advising me to drop my crazy scheme. I wished him a safe journey, and said I'd think about it.

I did. All that night. I decided for and against my plan, insanity and daring against a life forever looking over my shoulder. *But alive.*

When I finally drifted off, it was to

the strains of Nat King Cole with the Gordon Jenkins orchestra on "Archive Diamonds." He sang "Ain't Misbehavin'" as I fell into a fitful sleep.

I woke and decided: Gallagher was right. Leave. Now. See-Phone Samantha Daly, apologise for not finding him, end the contract and go. Damn heroes. Gallagher had made the right choice. Run and live.

"Can I speak to Ms. Daly?" I got switched through. When she made eye contact, she didn't look happy to see me. Alarm bells clanged in my head.

"Our contract is ended, Mr. Amis," she said curtly. I hadn't expected that. "I was going to say the same thing. Your Mr. Gallagher's gone to ground. I don't stand a chance of finding him. Maybe he's—"

"We know where he is, Mr. Amis." In my head the alarm bells had become the clicking off of safety catches. Damn it! Dammit all! I shouldn't have let him leave. *They* had him now.

"He's well, I hope." Her eyes, serpent slits, looked contemptuous.

"He's cooling on a mortuary slab. Some Grand Zero tap-and-stab merchant killed him. Consequently, your grossly over-rated seeking abilities are not needed henceforth. You will be credited for your time. Goodbye."

The screen blanked. In my mind, Gallagher, like my father, turned to dust.

The hallway to the City Council Offices rose up, a full half the height of Armstrong Tower. A Garden, actually the largest area of greenery in City, stood in the middle. All around, the offices looked down on this indoor forest. Near the doorway — itself an arc as large as the block I live in — a podium elevated a brigade of receptionists and security personnel who waited to serve, and delay.

"Mr. Brady's division, please." A thin man, not quite in his twenties, but already with a mannered scowl, tapped keys in front of him.

The honourable Councilman Brady's staff occupy floors sixty-eight through to one hundred and six. What aspect of the Department of Housing do you require, and have you an appointment? I see no form AH 63*A—

"I'm a Seeker, son. I'm empowered to question who I bloody like. It's not your business." I flashed my ID. He sneered.

"Well, I'd better let you get on with it, hadn't I?"

"Which floor is Mr. Brady's personal staff on? And how do I get there?"

"Floor one-oh-three. Left arc. You'll need elevator fourteen. Have a nice one."

I passed six commissioners, all armed. All checking my ID. None thankfully checked to see if I was on contract or not. Seekers are treated with enough contempt to make us practically invisible. We can get in almost anywhere, like see-phone engineers. As the express elevator speeded up, I steeled myself for what was to come. I'd spent the morning and half the afternoon sorting out my financial affairs. I didn't want my family to be worried by a messy probate.

At Floor one-oh-three, left arc, a receptionist and a bullet proof shield greeted me.

"These are the private offices of the Honourable Councilman Brady, sir. Even a Seeker doesn't get in without an appointment." She smiled briefly, as though it was a necessary but distasteful action.

"Phone through to Mr. Brady. Inform him that if Mr. Amis doesn't get to see him, the City's Heartbeat might suffer a coronary."

"Sir?"

"How much do you get on Welfare these days?" She phoned through, cutting across all the levels to the boss. The pun was a bad one, but it would make the point, I hoped. It did. She looked up.

"He will see you right now, sir." I walked through the black and white marbled corridor where row upon row of desks and busy staff were placed, like mirrors reflecting in on each other into infinity. What did they all do? Then to Brady's office. The doors swept open, massive though they were. He sat fuming silently behind an out-of-scale real wood desk. Behind me, the doors closed.

"What's all this crap about?" I had to smile. If I achieved nothing else, I had made Brady sweat. Profusely. "You one of Baxleiter's jerks? Jeez, I thought I'd told him to keep you morons under leash...!" I shook my head. I was dizzy with audacity.

"Freelance, Honourable Councilor." I reached into my jacket, assuring him I wasn't going for a gun. "I've a little snapshot for you to look at. I think you know the people involved." I tossed the photograph in front of him. He ground his teeth, sounding like an old automobile cruncher in a scrapyard.

"Stupid, stupid. Baxleiter and Daly are going to burn for this..." He looked up. "How much? You want a



hundred thousand? A Million? Or maybe you're after a piece of the action?

I had the tiger's tail. I wanted his teeth. "How about you fill me in on the action, Honourable Councillor? I'm patchy in a few areas..." Stumblingly, he outlined it much as we had surmised. In the staged blackout, City's ruling triumvirate, Mayor Allerton, and senior Councilmen, Railey and Thompson, were to die. Their deaths would be "fortunate, but not surprising" he added.

"On an ordinary working day, Amis, there are thirty-three million people working in Mezzanine and Plateau, eight million in the two hundred and sixty floors of Armstrong Tower alone. When so many people in so small an area get put under the pressures and panic associated with a blackout, death gets kind of inevitable." The tiger smiled.

"How about your private army, being amassed in Sector Five? Where do they fit in?"

"Insurance. Sure, I could storm the place, but that kind of establishing move has a very unstable base. I'd rather play the media game, with my links in CNN, I'll be the brave new force that rules, filling the vacuum."

"People like stability, continuity. That's how City got built like it did. It's safe and contained. Sheltered housing. Controlled environments. Enclosed living. You know what's so great about it? You get to be like a king in a castle, with everyone locked in. Answerable to you. To me. When cities sprawled, the people were able to be diverse. Now everyone knows their place because of how many square meters they have to live in, what their floor number is, how far they can see..." I wanted to ram his head into his finely polished desk. Instead, I smiled a necessary but distasteful smile. "So Amis—you want a part, then?"

"Hell, no—I've got it all." I produced a mini camera, that had been trained on him. He snatched it from me.

"Stupid bastard. You think you were going to leave and show the tape to someone, did you? I was finding out just what you knew. Now," he said, stabbing at a button on a desk console, "my service people are going to kill a crazy terrorist in the act of trying to assassinate me." He smiled that tiger smile. "Ain't Misbehavin'" drifted maddeningly through my head, as I tried to keep a grip on reality.

"That isn't a recorder. It's a transmitter. Thanks to a friend of mine,

recently departed, it's tuned to the T-Vid line. Our little tête-à-tête has been broadcast across City. Your despised battery hen citizens have heard every word." He looked shocked, then laughed. He stabbed at the button again.

"This office is shielded. Those signals will have been diffused! The drones out there won't have seen or heard a thing... not that it would have made any difference. If I represent stability, enemy of change, they'll love me, no matter how I gain power. People are narrow and stupid. They don't want to think. They want to be told what to do, and that everything's all right, all secure. They want the old values—"

"—Of mediocrity and stagnation." I concluded. He hit the button again. There was a hammering at the door.

"You've blown it, Amis."

"No. You have." I pulled out the baffle. "My friend also gave me this before he died. Selected channels have been scrambled. One of which," I pointed at the desk, "is your communicator. The City T-Vid screens have shown it all. Those people out-

side are probably from your friends, the triumvirate." He started to panic. He activated an emergency exit. I beat him to it, knocking him over. I didn't relish the prospect of being there when the bullets started to fly. He lay dazed on the floor. I slammed the exit door behind me, locking it. The wind howled at me. I was on the outside of Armstrong Tower, one hundred and three floors up. Service stairs led to an external elevator three floors down.

As I was about to enter the elevator, I looked across City, into the distance, some fifty miles to the river. I saw T-Vids. All had a close-up of Brady's despairing face, pleading "It's not true, it's not true..." In the background, the office door exploded. The screens went white, brightening up the dim dusk sky. Then the advertisements came back on, as if nothing had happened, or would ever happen.

I turned to hear the sound of gunfire, a brief crack. Silence. I entered the elevator, and descended.

The End



The Mysterious NIGHT-RAVEN

Script: Steve Parkhouse Art: David Lloyd

NIGHT-TIME IN THE CITY... AND IN FAY FREDDIE'S POOL HALL, NIGHT-RAVEN FINDS HIMSELF IN A TIGHT SPOT. ACE DIAMOND, A CROOKED CARD SHARP, WAS FOUND CHEATING IN A CARD GAME AND NIGHT-RAVEN SAVED HIM FROM A BEATING... NOW ACE HAS FLED, LEAVING NIGHT-RAVEN TO FACE THREE ANGRY GAMBLERS... ALONE!

LOCKED! ACE HAS SCRAMMED AND LEFT THE DOOR LOCKED!

YOU SHOULD'VE STAYED OUT OF THIS, MISTER... WE'RE GONNA TAKE YOU APART!



AND INDEED HE HASN'T... FOR IF THE GAMBLERS HAD TAKEN THE TROUBLE TO LOOK UNDER THE POOL TABLE...



SEVERAL NIGHTS LATER, IN A DOWNTOWN HOTEL...ACE DIAMOND IS FACED WITH A BIG PROBLEM...



MONEY! THREE THOUSAND SMACKEROS... AND IT'S BURNIN' ME UP! I'VE GOTTA GET INTO ANOTHER GAME... I'VE GOTTA USE IT!



WHO'S THAT?



HILLY... WHAT'S THIS... A NOTE?

"BIG POKER GAME TOMORROW NIGHT AT EIGHT, HOTEL CENTRAL, ROOM 715. IF YOU WANT A PIECE OF REAL ACTION... BE THERE! SIGNED, A FRIEND."



WELL, NOW I MAY JUST DO THAT... BUT I'LL PACK SOME HEAT, JUST IN CASE...

NEXT DAY, IN ANOTHER PART OF TOWN...



HEY, MISTER... GUY IN TH' ALLEY TOL' ME TO GIVE YA THIS...

HUH?

THEATRE



"IF YOU WANT ACE DIAMOND, YOU'LL FIND HIM TONIGHT AT HOTEL CENTRAL, ROOM 715, 7:30... SIGNED, A FRIEND."

LATER THAT DAY, AT THE RACES...



MIDNIGHT FLYER FELL AT THE FOURTH... WE'RE DOWN ANOTHER FIFTY!



WELL, I GUESS THAT'S IT... WE'RE BUSTED.

HUH?

GUY BACK IN THE STANDS SAID TO GIVE YOU THIS...



"IF YOU WANT ACE DIAMOND, YOU'LL FIND HIM TONIGHT AT HOTEL CENTRAL, ROOM 715, 7:45... SIGNED... A FRIEND."



THAT NIGHT...

BOY, I FEEL LUCKY TONIGHT... I'M GONNA MAKE ME A PILE O' DOUGH!



THIS LOOKS LIKE THE PLACE...

715

TAP TAP!



C'MON IN, ACE... I THINK YOU KNOW EVERYBODY HERE...

SURE.....



Next: Secret Identity!

Abslom Daak DALEK KILLER

Script: Steve Moore

Art: Steve Dillon

THE 26th CENTURY. THE DRACONIAN EMPIRE STANDS ALDOR FROM THE CONFLICT BETWEEN EARTH AND THE DALEKS. BUT PRINCE GALANDER HAS ALLOWED ABSLOM DAAK, THE DALEK-KILLER, TO LAND ON DRACONIA AS A RESULT OF WHICH, BOTH OF THEM HAVE BEEN ARRESTED.

AND EVEN HOUSE-ARREST ON GALANDER'S ESTATE IS STILL PRISON TO ABSLOM DAAK...

THREE DAYS THEY'VE KEPT US COOPED UP HERE!

I CAN UNDERSTAND THEM LOOKING YOU UP... BUT WHY AM I?

BECAUSE GIVING YOU LANDING PERMISSION ISSS THE ONLY 'CRIME' THEY CAN PROVE AGAINST ME.

THEY'RE KEEPING THE CRIMINALS AND THE EVIDENCE TOGETHER...

BUT THAT'S THREE DAYS I HAVEN'T BEEN ABLE TO GET HELP FOR TAYLIN... THREE DAYS I HAVEN'T KILLED A DALEK!

BE CALM, ABSLOM DAAK! YOU'RE LIKE A CAGED...

TIGER?

BESSSIDESS, IF WE CANNOT LEAVE MY RESIDENCE, SEETILL MY ESSSTATE ISSS LARGE! RELAX, ENJOY YOURSSSELF UNTIL THISSS ISSS OVER...

I WASSS ABOUT TO ESSAY THORIN, BUT THE MEANING ISSS THE SSAME.

MY FAMILY HAVE BEEN THE BIGGEST GEORGE-SHIP MANUFACTURERS ON DRACONIA FOR THREE GENERATIONS. OUR ARMY SHIPWARD ISSS ON THE WESTERN CONTINENT...

BUT I DO MOST OF THE DEVELOPMENT WORK HERE...

COME... I HAVE SSOMETHING TO SHOW YOU IN THE REAR BLOCK...

SSOMETHING A WARRIOR LIKE YOU MIGHT APPRECIATE...

DALEK-KILLER

FOR SOME TIME I HAVE BEEN BUILDING A NEW CRUISER. YOU MIGHT CALL IT A HEAVILY-ARMED SHIP. TO COMBAT THE DALK THREAT...

THERE! THE FIRST PROTOTYPE IMPERIAL-CLASS FRONTIER DEFENCE CRUISER.

YOU CAN CALL IT WHAT YOU LIKE GALANDER.

ME'D CALL IT A REAL GOOD-LOOKING KILL-WAGON.

IT'S DESIGNED FOR DEEP-SURFACE COMBAT AND GROUND ATTACK. LASER-CANNON, SHIP-TO-SHIP MISSILES WITH PHOTON-FUSION WARHEADS, A NEUTRINO CONVERSION NUCLEAR-BOMBING FUNCTION.

CREW?

NORMALLY 556X. A SCRATCH-CREW OF FOUR...

BUT ONE MAN COULD FLY IT...

IS THAT SOME KIND OF OFFER?

ONE MAN COULD FLY IT. BUT HE'D NEED AT LEAST ONE MORE TO HANDLE THE WEAPONRY! IS HE FUELED?

YESSS... BUT DO NOT JUMP TO CONCLUSIONSSS. ABGGLON DAAK! I CANNOT GO WITH YOU.

IF I WERE TO FLEE THEY WOULD PUNISH HIM ACCORD AND RUIN MY FAMILY! DO NOT ASSK ME TO DO THAT...

WHY NOT? IT'S THE EASIEST WAY OUT OF ALL YOUR PROBLEMS.

WH, DO NOT THINK ME A FOOL. ABSSSLOW. BUT I HAVE A YOUNG SSSON IN THE IMPERIAL SSSPACE-SERVICE...

OKAY DO WHAT YOU WANT BUT DON'T EXPECT ME TO PUT UP WITH THIS IMPRISONMENT MUCH LONGER...

BESIDES. PEOPLE WHO TAG ALONG WITH ME USUALLY DON'T LIVE VERY LONG!

WHA. I SEE YOU'VE GOT A VISITOR...

KARNISS! WHYSSS HE RYSSKING HIMSELF COMING HERE?

GENERAL WARING OF THE DRAGONIAN IMPERIAL COMMAND, ONE OF SALANDER'S FELLOW OFFICERS.

I BRIBED THE GUARDSSS... THEY WON'T SSSAY A WORD!

BUT I THOUGHT YOU OUGHT TO KNOW THAT AZHON AND DRLSSSS ARE PRESENTING AN ADDSSSSATION TO THE EMPEROR AGAINST YOU! IT'SSS LOOKING BAD...

AH, IF ONLY WE HAD THE OFFICIAL SSS OF THE LEFT HAD THE EMPEROR'S SAC.

BUT THERE SSSS NO SSSS. TOO... THE EMPEROR HADSSS ABRUPTLY OUR SHIPSS TO ENGAGE THE DRLSSSS...

"YESSSSS ONE OF OUR SSSSICAL SSSSSS SHIPSS DESTROYED AND DRLS SSSSSS... THEY ATTACKED AND PURSSUED IT..."

"THEY DESTROYED IT WHEN IT HAD ALMOSS CROSSED THE BORDER-LINE... WITHIN OUR RANGE OF ONE OF OUR FRONTIER SSSSSS..."

THE REGISTRATION OF THE SSSOUT-SHIP 1666 DT-447...

NO, NOT MY SSSON... I HAVE NO WEAKLING SSSON LIKE THAT!

WE SHALL SSSCAPE TOGETHER, ABSOLUTELY IN THE KILL WAGON...

LEAVE NOW, WARINGSS... DENY YOU WERE EVER HERE! DO NOT BECOME INVOLVED IN TONIGHT'SSS EVENTSS.

MY SSSON'SSS SHIP!

"IT'SSS COMMANDER OBTAINED THE IMPERIAL ORDER... AND HELD HISSS FREE!"

HOLD ON, SALANDER... NOW YOU'RE GETTING AHEAD OF YOURSELF! I MAY BE A FAR SSSER FOOL THAN YOU.

I SSSSPECTED SSSS MUCH... WHICH 1666 WHY I BOUGHT THESE HERE BEFORE WE WERE ARRESTED...

BUT I'M NOT LEAVING THIS PLANET WITHOUT TRYING NOT ALIVE, ANYWAY!

BUT IT WILL TAKE YOU TIME TO REACH THE SSSS PORT... EVEN IF YOU ARE NOT NOTICED.



I'LL BLASSST-OFF AN HOUR AFTER NIGHT-FALL AND MEET YOU IN OBBIT... IF YOU ARE LUCKY...

AND I'LL MEET YOU IN HELL IF I'M NOT...



MEANWHILE, FAR-OFF IN THE IMPERIAL PALACE

THESE CHARGESS-SSSEEM VERY VAGUE. ANIKON-SSOME SPECULATION ABOUT SSSALANDER'SSS BUSINESS-ASSAIRSS...

AND ONLY THE AFFAIR OF THESS EARTHWAN HELD AGAINSSST HIM.



THE IMPEACHMENT ISSS DISSEM/ISSSED!

AND I HAVE DECIDED TO INSSPECT THESS SSSPACE-YACHT THE EARTHWAN ASSVED IN- PERSSSONALLY. YOU WILL ACCOMPANY ME, ANIKON...



AND WHEN SWIFT TIME HAS BICED ON, AT THE GARDE POST...



HARD TO KNOW WHAT'S GOING ON THESE DAYSS. EVERYONE ACCUSING EVERY-ONE ELSESS.



IT'SSS THESS MURDERING EARTHWAN THAT WORD:ESSS AM I HAVE YOU HEARD THE SSSTORSS ABOUT HIM?



I KNOW THEY SSSAY MURDERERS ARE AN INDESSCUTTABLE RACE... BUT HE MAKESSS ME WORRIED GOING ON GUARD DUTY...

DON'T BE SSETLID! HE'SSS MILESSS AWAY, AND HE'D NEVER SET THESS SSS GUARD THROUGH SSSSECURITY. WOULD HE?



WHA...?

LAUGH!!



THIS IS TOO EASY! HARDLY SEEMS TO BE ANYONE ABOUT AND... OH-OH...

MAKE WAY FOR THE EMPEROR! SSSAND ASSSIDE FOR THE IMPERIAL GUARDS!

Next: Farewell To Draconia!

Captain Britain Communications

Our Address:

23 Redan Place, Bayswater, London W2 4SA, England.

Dear All,

After four issues I thought it was about time I told you just how good your comics.

Firstly there's the good of Captain, doing what he does best - bumbling from one encounter to another. And I wouldn't want it any other way! The fact that he plainly isn't very good at the superhero business, yet still manages to muddle his way through appeals to me. I also like the change of character from Brian Braddock - nice, genial bloke - to Captain Britain - an angry, bull-headed young man, charging around as if he owns the place. I think deep down he's scared of what lies around the next corner and smothered his fear in anger; the Fury must crush his mind every day.

But enough of this analysing. Who are these so-called 'Gatecrasher's Technet'? And why no Special Executive yet? As they turned up in the pages of *The Daredevils*, they should still exist in this time-line. Unless, of course, they've been whisked off to yet another alternate Earth. I'm sure there's a perfectly simple explanation... isn't there?

The Free-Fall Warriors improved greatly after a first chapter that left me cold. Steve Parkhouse's writing never seems to get me excited but he wrote an interesting story here and it grew on me as it progressed. Jerry Paris' art was excellent. From aliens to machines, it was all perfect. But the biggest compliment I can pay him is to say that for the very first time, a humanoid cat didn't look bloody stupid.

Paragon was what it was meant to be. Funny, sad and a touch, just a pinch, disturbing in this last segment. Steve Alan did a very good job of keeping me smiling.

Anyway, Cap is my favourite hero and Alan Davis my favourite artist, so short of teaming Cap up with Torville and Dean, you can do no wrong by me. Terry Stock, Middx.

Nurse, the screens - Brian Braddock's on the psychiatrist's couch again! And as you can see from this issue's story, things are still 'falling apart' for our harried hero. As for the Special Executive, we've a hunch that Gatecrasher's Technet will more than fill in for them over the coming months. And we've passed your team-up suggestion to Jamie Delano and told him to get his skates on with the first script...

Dear Cap. B. Creators,

You mag has definitely started well, with some truly great covers and interesting, original strips.



I like *Night Raven* in his current form, and, although I've seen some of them before, the stories are eye-catching and clever... the bird-of-prey spirit being brought out to the full. *Abslom Daak* is a scream with Daak, like some lunatic Han Solo, delivering tough guy clichés with great conviction. *Dalek Killer* has just the right amount of tongue-in-cheek humour and explosive adventure.

The Free-Fall Warriors. Hmm... at first I thought, 'boring, boring', and then, 'not bad at all', and finally, 'this is pretty good stuff'. Cool Breeze is a great character, with his bulky form and sombre bottom lip he reminds me of John Wayne... 'an android's gotta do, what an android's gotta do'.

Captain Britain started well but seemed to slacken off with issue three's story. It all seemed a bit rushed. *Vixen* re-introduced, the battle with Slaymaster skimped on backgrounds virtually non-existent on the artwork. Anyway, thanks for listening and M.M.M.

Simon Dale,
Sydney,
Australia.

Thanks for your comments, Simon. Let's hope that any early misgivings you've had about our lead character have been dispelled by the last few blockbusters... and believe us, the best is yet to come!

Dear British Bullpen,

I've been waiting for Captain Britain to come to America for some months now. I



would see it listed in the Marvel checklist but never at my local news-stand. The first one I tracked down was issue three, and based on that issue I've some comments to make. Bear with me if I've misinterpreted anything.

The book was average, to sum it up briefly. I don't usually go for big fight scenes unless there's twice as much time spent on character development. I also prefer it when the hero does something other than just slug it out with the villain; something different and clever. When I saw Cap defeat Slaymaster by using the suit against him, I flipped. It was great.

Not so happy with the other stories, though. I had trouble getting into *Paragon*; I liked the idea but kind of got lost along the way. Likewise with *Dalek Killer*, although there I didn't even like the idea. *Free-Fall Warriors* was pretty good. I liked Cool Breeze and Bruce particularly.

In order to improve the book, I suggest you do more with Cap by lengthening his strip, and drop some of the fillers.

Jeff Rathmell,
Iowa, U.S.A.

We've had various requests concerning the presentation of the *Captain Britain* strip - lengthen it, shorten it, colour it, etc. Suffice it to say that at present there are no plans to alter the basic structure of *Captain Britain Monthly*. We feel that the current format strikes a good balance. Having said that, Jeff's (and everybody else's) comments and suggestions have been noted and filed for future reference.

More on P35

SPACETHIEVES



IN AN ERRANT DAUGHTERS
FATHER'S HOME...

FIND HER -
SHE KNOWS TOO
MUCH!! I WANT NO
MORE COURT
CASES...

DO
YOU WANT
ME TO
KILL HER...?

NO - HER
MOTHER WOULD
NEVER FORGIVE
ME...

WAIT -
THE TV...

IN THE H.F.
BAR...

ALIEN
SCUM!

IN A P.A.R.T.S. MEETING...



P.A.R.T.S. PEOPLE AGAINST
RUTHLESS TYRANNY SECT.

NAT AND MIK,
COWBOYS OF
THE REVOLUTION
ARE AT THIS
MOMENT IN TIME,
OUT OF CONTACT ON
A FUND-RAISING
MISSION...

THEY
MAY NEED
OUR HELP...

WAIT -
THE TV...

... WE'VE JUST
RECEIVED THESE PICTURES
OF A SMALL DELEGATION
FROM THE HOMIC FRONT
FOR INTERGALACTIC PEACE...

IN A CERTAIN ALL-DAY
ALCO-BAR



YOU MEAN
HE JUST UPPED
AND WALKED
OUT WITH IT?

YEP HIM,
THE GIRL
AND THE
DROID.

I'LL BE A LAUGHING
STOCK! TERRORISTS
WRITE SLOGANS ON
MY BOY CRUISER AND
NOW A DROIDNAP!

WAIT -
THE TV...

LET'S GET
THOSE VIOLENCE
UNSCOUT, ZART
GNARKS!

IN THE OFFICES OF
THE GALACTIC
INTELLIGENCE
AGENCY...



GENTLEMEN, IN ORDER
TO EXPAND OUR BUDGET
WE NEED A LARGE PROJECT
SOMEWHERE TO DESTABILISE,
FOR INSTANCE...



NOW THE
SITUATION
ZART... WAIT -
THE TV...



TYPICAL-
UNCIVILISED
PSS!

RU18!
WHAT ARE YOU
DOING THERE?!

AMONG THE DELEGATION IS
LUCINDA MACCAPONE, DAUGHTER OF
THE RESPECTED INDUSTRIALIST
AND PHILANTHROPIST...

I SPEND YEARS BRIBING
AND ASSASSINATING MY WAY
TO A PLANET-WIDE MONOPOLY
AND MY DUMB DAUGHTER PUTS
THE WHOLE THING AT RISK
WITH HER CHARITY WORK.

GET THE
BOYS --
AND STOP
HER!

SEVERAL OTHER HIGHLY-
TRAINED DIPLOMATS ARE
SLEEPING IN THIS
UNPROVOKED ATTACK...

THE REACTIONARY SWINE
HAVE OUR BROTHERS! WE
MUST SHOW SOLIDARITY
WITH OUR COMRADES --
FORWARD THE
REVOLUTION!

IT APPEARS THAT THEY
HAVE BEEN BRUTALLY
ASSAULTED AS THEY
ENGAGED UPON A DIPLO-
MATIC MISSION TO ZART...

I SAY DO
YOU MIND IF
I JOIN YOU
CHAPS?

RANCY A BIT
OF CRACKLING
YOURSELF, BH.
MATE? COME
ON THEN...

COMPLETING THE
DELEGATION IS A CYBO
GIGA COMMAND-BOT,
BELIEVED TO BE A
DIPLOMATIC MODEL...

DIPLOMATIC
MODEL. MY ASS!
THAT'S A
DROIDNAP
VICTIM!

ME AN' MY
BOYS ARE
GONNA
RESCUE
HIM...

RESCUE
IT, I THINK,
SIR...

THE G.I.A. ARE ---

...PLEASED THAT
THE STORY FIED TO
THE PUBLIC...

WILL GIVE SYMPATHY TO
OUR INVASION OF
ZART, DURING WHICH
OUR REBEL FRIENDS
WILL UNFORTUNATELY
PERISH...

IN THE
CROSS-FIRE,
OF COURSE...

AT THE HEART OF THE IMPERIAL CITY ON THE PLANET ZART - HOME OF THE MOST VILE AND VIOLENT RACE IN THE GALAXY - IS THE ROYAL CHAMBER...



IT HOUSES THE FAMOUS ZART IMPERIAL JEWELS...

AND CURRENTLY, THE SPACE THIEVES WHO WISH TO STEAL THEM!

WHY DO THEY HAVE TO BE SO... VIOLENT?

PULL YOURSELF TOGETHER YOU GREAT WASTE OF SPACE...

MORE ZARTS AT THE DOOR - TIME WE LEFT!

OKAY, P.A.R.T.S. MAN, WHAT'S YOUR PLAN?

OH... I HAVEN'T GOT ONE.

WHAT?! YOU MEAN YOU'VE LET US GET THIS FAR WITHOUT ANY IDEA OF HOW WE'RE GOING TO ESCAPE?



WHAT DO YOU SUGGEST - OFFER THEM TWENTY-FIVE PER CENT OF THE LOOT AND SAY WE'RE SORRY?!!

I NEVER THOUGHT...

URRH!



WELL, START THINKING NOW, GLOP-FACE!

MADAM, MAY I SUGGEST...

QUIET, YOU GREAT LUMP OF METAL - I WANT TO THROTTLE HIM SOME MORE...



MADAM, I MUST RESIST...

WAIT - LOOK, A VENTILATION SHaft!



THAT'S WHAT I'VE BEEN TRYING TO...



WHAT WOULD YOU ALL DO WITH-OUT ME? COME ON, LET'S MOVE!



NAT - LEAVE
IT - IT'S DEAD
ALREADY!

NAT!! YOU CAN'T
STILL BE HUNGRY?
COME ON - THE
ZARTS 'LL BE HERE
ANY SECOND!

DON'T
PANIC...

LOOK -
THE G.Z.A.

LOOK -
THE MOB!

LOOK -
H.R. SUPPORTERS

"WHICH, WHEN THEY
BUST OPEN THE DOOR...

LOOK -
SPACE COPS!

LOOK -
REBELS!

"AND SET ABOUT FOLLOWING
US DOWN THIS SHAFT..."

"WILL GO..."

"...BANG..."

ZARTS! SHOULDN'T
WE SPACE COPS
PROTECT 'EM?



WE ARE - BY
MAKIN' SURE NO
UNAUTHORISED
GROUP ZAPS 'EM!

WHAT'S
GOING ON OUT
THERE?

IT'S AN INVASION...
IT'S FIVE
INVASIONS...!



HOW FORTUNATE...
THESE WOULD
APPEAR TO BE SOME
SORT OF DIVERSION...



HOPE THAT
WAS A ZART -
TO HATE TO
COME ALL THIS
WAY AND BE
BLASTED BY
THE MOB!

LAND ON
THAT H.F.
SHIP!



OOOH!
THOSE
VIBRATIONS!

THE FASCIST
SWINE HAVE SIDED
WITH THE FASCIST
SWINE...!

TAKE
THEM ALL
OUT!



HEY - STOP
KILLING MY
ZARTS!

THE REDS AND
THE MOB TOGETHER -
DESTABILISE THE
LOT - AND DON'T
FORGET THE ZARTS!

DON'T WORRY,
EVERYBODY - I'VE
STILL GOT THE
LOOT.



now!
now!



S.I.A. AND H.F.
TOGETHER! WHAT'S
THAT SPELL...?

OH, JUST
BLAST 'EM!

ZAP!

ZAP!





WE DID IT!
WE GOT AWAY!

YES - BUT WHAT ABOUT THE HOMIDS STILL ON THE PLANET...



THERE WOULD SEEM TO BE A REMARKABLE AMOUNT OF PYROTECHNICS DOWN THERE...

THEY'RE CELEBRATING THEIR NEW-FOUND FREEDOM - IT'S NATURAL POST-REVOLUTIONARY EXUBERANCE FOLLOWING OUR LIBERATION OF THE PLANET.



HOLY GOSH, TROT-MAN - DON'T YOU EVER GIVE IT A REST? WE'VE LEFT ALL THAT BEHIND - WE'RE RICH AND FREE!

NOT QUITE ALL HAS BEEN LEFT BEHIND, CAPTAIN - WE APPARENTLY HAVE SIX SHROOBS...



MERE BAGATELLES, RU18, WHICH WE WILL LEAVE FLOUNDERING ONCE I ENGAGE THE FISHER AFTER-BOOSTERS AT THE TOUCH OF...



...THIS BUTTON.



OH WE'VE STOPPED.

IT WOULD APPEAR, SIR, THAT WE HAVE RUN OUT OF FUEL.

Next: P.A.R.T.S. V Zarts, G.I.A., H.F., The Mob etc etc...

Captain Britain Communications

Dear Sirs,

I'm writing to say how much I've enjoyed your first four issues. Will you now be re-printing the second Abslom Daak story, *Star Tigers*? I think it would be a great idea to carry on with this superb character. Martin Montague, Stafford.

So do we, Martin, so do we. And, although we've dropped the title, *Star Tigers*, the ever popular Abslom Daak is indeed continuing his vendetta against the Daleks.

Dear Captain,

I'm sure I remember part of issue four's Captain Britain story from an earlier episode. I definitely remember Mrs. McGeary getting hit by one of the Fury's darts and Sid saying: "Mrs. McGeary? Was that you saying shizik just now?" Can you tell me which issue this occurred in? John (Captain Letterpage) Newton, Surrey.

Sounds like a cue for a quick Fury/Sidney Crumb chronology. After wiping out all of Earth 238's superheroes (with the excep-

tion of Captain U.K.) the Fury, a virtually indestructible Cybiote, tracked Captain Britain through the dimensions until it landed on our Earth in *Daredevils* issue 8. In that issue's story it killed Mrs. McGeary (Shizik!) and, although not seen then, infected Sidney Crumb. The ill-fated tramp popped up once again before his sad demise, issue 14 of *Mighty World of Marvel* featured a cameo appearance in the Captain Britain story, *Bad Moon Rising*.



Dear Marvel,

I am writing to raise a valid criticism of your magazine. Why is it that Indiana Jones has fifty-two pages to Captain Britain's thirty-six? Both are monthly and both cost the same.

I am in no way complaining about the quality of Captain Britain (although there are bits that could be improved on), so how about a few extra pages to give better value for money?

I hope you print this letter (or a similar one) and act on it. After all, it's your job to please us, the readers.

Andrew Bojczuk,
Gloucester,
West Midlands.

The difference between us and Indiana Jones, Andrew, is that we use original material, commissioned here in the U.K. Indiana Jones reprints American material ... which, you'll appreciate, is much cheaper. Therefore they are able to offer more pages for the same price. We feel we are satisfying a greater proportion of readers by showcasing British talent, thereby sacrificing those extra pages. Stick with us, we're sure that you'll come to realise that Captain Britain's thirty-six pages are well worth the money.

Dear Editor,

Wow! So Captain Britain can control his costume by remote control, eh? Boy, could I use one of those! After a hard day, doing whatever it is I do all day, it would be great to relax and read the paper while the costume made the supper and did my washing.

What's that you say? Someone has to be wearing the costume's helmet? Ah well ... it was a nice idea while it lasted. T. M. Maple, Ontario, Canada.

What do we do to deserve letters like this?

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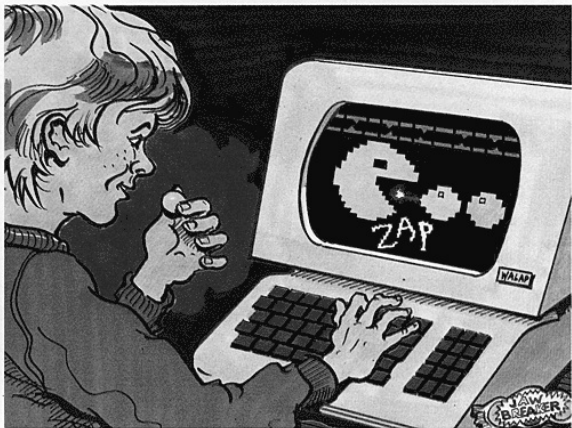
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